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Poetry.

AN ANGEL IN THE WAY.

For the downward path is spread,
Love and light thy coming greet,
Fruit is blessing on thy head,
Flowers are growing 'neath thy feet,
Mirth and sin with tending hands,
Wave thee on, a willing prey;
Yet at instant pause—there stands
An Angel in the way.

Reel the heavenly warning—know
Faint flowers thy way may trip;
Fruit that like the sunset glow
Takes to ashes on the lip;
Though the joys be wild and free,
Though the paths be bright and gay,
From mortal eyes can see
An Angel in the way.

With thou down in worldly pleasure?
With thou have, like him of old,
Leads of days and stories of treasure,
Whisper, glory, power, gold?
Life and love shall sickness waste,
What shall grind thee day by day,
Still to sin, then God hath placed
An Angel in the way.

Trusting on all things that perish,
Shall a hopeless faith be thine?
Earthly idol, wilt thou cherish?
How before an earthly shrine?
Most refuse to mortal love,
Yearning to a child of clay,
Death shall crown thy path, and prove,
An Angel in the way.

When the prophet thought to sin,
Tempted by his heathen guide;
When a prince's grace to win,
Prophecy would fain have lied;
Even the brute the same controlled
Yield a human voice to say,
"Master, smite me not"—Behold
An Angel in the way.

So, when Vice, to lure her slave,
Woe him down the shining track,
Slight hands are stretched to save,
Slight voices warn him back
Heart of man to evil prone,
Clash not at thy sin's delay;
How these humbly down, and own
An Angel in the way.

A CHEERFUL HEART.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

What though the world to us its joys
And pleasures should impart;
They are but blossoms blown away,
Without a cheerful heart;
For happiness does not consist,
In what the world calls wealth;
But in a heart which never complains
In sickness or in health.

And some there are upon this earth,
Whose souls are pure and true,
Who wander to and fro for bread,
And have no place of rest;
Yet do they put their faith in God,
And calmly bear their part;
And calm and serene both do flee
Before a cheerful heart.

Thank God that scatter'd here and there
Upon this dreary earth;
Are these who in whose hearts are found
This attribute of worth;
And though this path of life be dark,
And weary be their way;
Yet they are that the world cannot give,
Nor yet can take away.

For they do pass along life's path,
Though desolate it be;
And wander on at their hard fate,
Nor shrink from God's decree,
For sustained they are, and also soothed,
While acting out their part;
By that which sheds its light on all,
A happy, cheerful heart.

THE PARTED ONES HAVE MET AGAIN.

BY W. E. FADOR.

The parted ones have met again,
The beautiful—the brave;
And pleasure has taken the place of pain,
And joy of sorrow's wave.
The sun that set in trouble's night,
O'er sailor boy and maid—
Now beams with that ethereal light,
Along life's flower-clad glade.

Upon the bosom of the deep,
In fond embrace they met;
Impassioned hearts for pleasure weep,
And sorrows are forgot.
The parting kiss remembered now—
A welcome one is given;
Imprinted on their sunny brow,
And earth seemed like a heaven.

The parted ones have met again,
The beautiful—the brave;
And pleasure has taken the place of pain,
And joy of sorrow's wave.

CRASITY.

The great that deem make a flower a flower,
So frame it that to bloom is to be sweet,
And to receive to give,
No roll so sterile, and no living lot
So poor but it hath somewhat 'till to spare
In bounteous charity. Charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, so have
That less is more than need, and more is less
Than the great heart's good will.

Selected Tale.

THE TRUE STORY OF JANE M'CREE.

The first place of historic interest that we visited at Fort Edward, says Lansing, was the venerable and blasted pine tree, near which, tradition asserts the unfortunate Jane M'Cree lost her life while Gen. Burgoyne had his encampment near Sandy Hill. It stands upon the west side of the road leading from Fort Edward to Sandy Hill, and about a half a mile from the canal lock in the former village.

All accounts agree that Miss M'Cree was staying at the house of Mrs. M'Neil, near the fort at the time of the tragedy. A grand daughter of Mrs. M'Neil (Mrs. F. —) is now living at Fort Edward, and from her I received a minute account of the whole transaction, as she heard it a "thousand times" from her grandmother. She is a woman of remarkable intelligence, about sixty years old.

Jane M'Cree was the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, of Jersey City, opposite New York; and while Mrs. M'Neil (then the wife of a former husband named Campbell) was a resident of New York City, an acquaintance had grown up between Jenny and her daughter. After the death of Campbell (which occurred at sea) Mrs. Campbell married M'Neil. He too, was lost at sea, and she removed with her family to an estate owned by him at Fort Edward. Mr. M'Cree, who was a widower, died, and Jane went to live with her brother near Fort Edward, where the intimacy of former years with Mrs. M'Neil and her daughter was renewed, and Jane spent much of her time at Mrs. M'Neil's house. Near her brother's lived a family named Jones, consisting of a widow and six sons; and between Jenny and David Jones, (a gay young man) a feeling of friendship budded and ripened into reciprocal love. When the war broke out, the Joneses took the royal side of the question, and David and his brother Jonathan went to Canada in the autumn of 1776. They raised a company of about sixty men, under pretext of reinforcing the American garrison at Ticonderoga, but they went further down the lake, and joined the British garrison at Crow Point. When Burgoyne collected his forces at St. John's at the foot of Lake Champlain, David and Jonathan Jones were among them. Jonathan was made Captain and David a Lieutenant in the division under General Fraser and at the time in question they were with the British army near Sandy Hill.

The brother of Jenny was a Whig, and prepared to move to Albany; but Mrs. M'Neil, who was a cousin of General Fraser, (killed at Stillwater) was a staunch Loyalist, and intended to remain at Fort Edward. When the British were near, Jenny was at Mr. M'Neil's and lingered there even after the repeated solicitations from her brother to return to his house, five miles farther down the river to be ready to flee when necessary should compel. A faint hope that she might meet her lover doubtless was the secret of tarrying. At last her brother sent a peremptory order to her to join him, and she promised to go down in a large bateau which was expected to leave with several families on the following day.

Early the next morning a black servant boy belonging to Mrs. M'Neil espied some Indians stealthily approaching the house, and giving the alarm to the inmates, he fled to the fort, about eighty rods distant. Mrs. M'Neil's daughter, the young friend of Jenny, and mother of my informant, while with some friends in Argyle, and the family consisted of only the widow and Jenny, two small children, and a female black servant. As usual at that time, the kitchen stood a few feet from the house; and when the alarm was given, the black woman snatched up the children, fled to the kitchen and retreated through a trap-door to the cellar. Mrs. M'Neil and Jenny followed her; but the former being aged and very corpulent and the latter young and agile, Jenny reached the trap-door first. Before Mrs. M'Neil could descend, the Indians were in the house, and a powerful savage seized her by the hair, and dragged her up. Another went into the cellar and brought out Jenny, but the black face of the negro woman was not seen in the dark, and she and the children remained unharmed.

With the two women the savages started off, on the road to Sandy Hill, for Burgoyne's camp; and when they came to the stands, where the road forks, they caught two horses that were grazing, and attempted to place their prisoners upon them. Mrs. M'Neil was too weary to be lifted on the horse easily, and as she signified by signs that she could not ride, the two Indians took her by the arms and hurried her up the road over the hill, while the others, with Jenny on the horse, went along the road running west of the tree.

The negro boy ran to the fort gave the alarm, and a small detachment was immediately sent out to effect a rescue. They fired several volleys at the Indians, but the savages escaped unharmed. Mrs. M'Neil

said that the Indians who were hurrying up the hill, seemed to watch the flash of the guns, and several times they threw her upon her face, at the same time falling down themselves, and she distinctly heard the balls whistling above them.

When they got above the second hill from the village the firing ceased; they then stopped, stripped her of all her garments except her chemise, and in that plight led her into the British Camp. There she met her kinsman, General Fraser, and reproached him bitterly for sending his "scoundrel Indians" after her. He denied all knowledge of her being away from the city of New York, and took every pains to make her comfortable. She was so large that not a woman in the camp had a gown big enough for her, so Fraser lent her his camp coat for a garment, and a pocket handkerchief as a substitute for her stolen cap.

Very soon after Mrs. M'Neil was taken into the British camp, two parties of Indians arrived with scalps. She at once recognized the glossy hair of Jenny, and though shuddering with horror, boldly charged the savages with her murder, which they stoutly denied. They avowed that while hurrying her along the road on horse back near the spring, west of the pine tree, a bullet from one of the American guns, intended for them, mortally wounded the poor girl, and she fell from the horse. Sure of losing a prisoner by death, they took her scalp as the next best thing for them to do, and that they bore in triumph to the camp, to obtain the reward for such trophies. Mrs. M'Neil always believed the story to be true, for she knew that they were fired upon by the detachment from the fort, and it was far more for their interest to carry a prisoner than a scalp to the British commander, the price of the former being much greater. In fact the Indians were so restricted by Burgoyne's humane instructions respecting the taking of scalps, that their chief solicitude was a prisoner alive and unharmed into the camp. And the probability that Mrs. M'Cree was killed as they alleged, is strengthened by the fact that they took the corpse, Mrs. M'Neil with much fatigue and difficulty, unimpaired, to the British lines, while Miss M'Cree, quite light and on horseback, might have been carried off with far greater ease.

It was known in camp that Lieutenant Jones was betrothed to Jenny, and the story got abroad that he had sent the Indians for her, that they quarrelled on the road respecting the reward he had offered, and murdered her to settle the dispute. Burgoyne, who was at Fort Ann, instituted an inquiry into the matter. He summoned the Indians to council, and demanded the surrender of the man who bore off the scalp, to be punished as a murderer. Lieutenant Jones denied all knowledge of the matter, and utterly disclaimed any such participation as the sending of a letter to Jenny, or of an Indian escort to bring her to the camp. He had no motive for so doing, for the American army was then retreating; a small guard only was at Fort Edward, and in a day or two the British would have full possession of that fort, when he could have a personal interview with her. Burgoyne, instigated by motives of policy rather than by judgement, and inclination, pardoned the savage who scalped poor Jenny, fearing that a total defection of the Indians would be the result of his punishment.

Lieutenant Jones, chilled with horror and broken in spirit by the event, tendered a resignation of his commission, but it was refused. He purchased the scalp of Jenny, and with his cherished memento he departed with his brother, before the army reached Saratoga, and retired to Canada.

He lived in Canada to be an old man, and died but a few years ago. The death of Jenny was a heavy blow, and he never recovered from it. In youth he was gay and exceedingly garrulous, but after that sad event, he was melancholy and taciturn. He never married, and avoided society as much as business would permit. Toward the close of July in every year, when the anniversary of the tragedy approached, he would shut himself in his room and refuse sight of every one; and at all times his friends avoided any reference to the Revolution, in his presence.

What we owe to Christianity. The late eminent English judge, Sir James Mackintosh, once said at a public meeting: "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and the source of whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of man's history, and what would his laws have been, what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our very life. There is not a familiar object around you which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy and healthful parts, to the Gospel."

A Romantic Tale of a Prussian Officer.

An amusing story fresh from head quarters—has caused, it is said, great discussion among the ladies of the government. The disappearance of a young Prussian officer, without any ostensible cause—his absence from the reviews and from the balls—where for many ladies he was reckoned upon as the great attraction—have given rise to many speculations. But the truth has at last been revealed by chance, and the higher classes with so much secrecy that everybody knows it.

The young Prussian officer, it was at first supposed, had come amongst us for the sole purpose of exhibiting the richness of his costume, and the poverty of our language, which could find no words to describe his many perfections. He was, indeed, a gifted creature. His figure magnificent, his features splendid, his uniform snow white and gold, his helmet of solid silver, with an aigrette of virgin gold—his vest was embroidered in precious stones of great value, and his sword-belt flashed with tantalizing brilliancy; and yet such is the power of association, that, amid all this, nothing was observed by our fair dames but the long tail of horse-hair which depended from his helmet, and which the uninitiated very likely thought the sole blemish of his rich costume—but it was, nevertheless, to this tail alone that was attached the whole interest of the young Prussian officer. It appears he owed his exile from the Court of Berlin—and, consequently, his visit to us—to the story which had got abroad concerning this very tail, and which, as the antiquaries say, when speaking of an interesting legend concerning their mouldy relics—runs as follows:

The young officer had attracted the attention of a fair relative of his sovereign—a crime which Frederick the Great punished with such cruelty in the case of French and the youth was, consequently, warned by friends and watched by enemies for some time with unceasing vigilance. For some time, also, did the lovers act with the greatest prudence, and it began to be supposed that a secret marriage might, perhaps, be the reward of his constancy, when one day it pleased his Majesty the King of Prussia to imitate the Emperor of France, and give a grand review.

It so happened that the palace where dwelt the enamored princess, was situated on the Plaza, where was stationed the regiment of the young Prussian officer. The heat was great—the hours were long—the handkerchief waved invitingly from the princess's balcony, and, unable to resist the temptation, the young Prussian officer dismounted, and rushed up the stairs of the palace, intending but to remain a moment. The king was not yet at the head of the line—there would be plenty of time for a short interview—besides, the trumpet would give notice of the king's approach, and no harm could possibly arise. And the trumpet did sound sure enough, once, twice, and thrice, as the king rode down the line, pausing to compliment the officers and to inspect the men—and still the young Prussian officer remained in the lady's boudoir, forgetful of all save her presence and of his own delight. Presently, however, a sound more terrific at that moment than even a shout from his dream—the sound of the clarions beneath the windows of the very room where he was sitting, summoning his own battalion to horse on the approach of the king. He started up in terror, and in so doing, upset the small table which stood by the chimney, and upon which he had deposited the helmet he had taken from his head on entering. Of course, the Fates took care that the helmet should roll into the fire which was blazing on the hearth, and in an instant the tail of horsehair was in a blaze. The officer gazed upon it in horror—it was ringed to the very stump—nothing remained of the glorious flowing tail but a wisp of frizzled hair, and a somewhat unsavory smell. His despair was at its height, when the second summons sounded with insulting distinctness. To appear before his sovereign, so precise, so particular in military matters, was not to be thought of; he saw dishonour, dismissal, perhaps death itself, staring him in the face, if he remained thus concealed where he was—When suddenly his despair was turned to joy; the princess who had rushed from the room on the accident, re-appeared, breathless and excited, holding in one hand a tail of more ebony hue, of more silky texture than the one destroyed, and in the other the scissors with which she had perpetrated the work of spoliation upon her own fair head. To attach the flowing appendage to the crest of the helmet, to replace the accoutrement of her lover in order, was the work of a moment, and before the third summons had sounded, the youth was sitting firm and erect upon his saddle at the head of his detachment, looking calm and quiet as the rest, while his heart was fluttering with uncontrolled delight.

The story got abroad at the court of Prussia, and, in short, it reached the ears of the king, who immediately gave orders that the young man should travel for a while; but with that paternal goodness for which the Prussian monarchs have ever been remarkable, he encouraged the culprit to hope that his case might be taken into consideration, and that some compromise might be made; in short, that if his behavior, should be satisfactory, he might not only obtain his pardon; but the full realization of all his hopes, in a union with the princess. It was under these circumstances that he arrived here, never dreaming of the treachery of man or the craft and cruelty of woman.

Here he was, of course, feted, courted, and admired, and, above all, flattered into belief of his own absolute perfection, by the never-fading, eternal, diabolical, little Marquise De C—, who seems born for the misery of all mankind; and some little time ago, at one of the *soirees regnees*, which she gives now and then at her house, in honor of bygone days, the young man was lured on by the *roues* to allow his champagne to speak freely of the princess, and to relate all the *sentiments* of her royal highness, which it formed in the brain of the youth upon mounting there.

This result may be conceived, but not the catastrophe, which startled the whole world admitted to the secret, and none more so than the unfortunate youth himself. The conversation of the young man—the secrets revealed by the champagne, were of course, all duly reported to the Prussian Embassy, whence they soon found their way to the court of Berlin; and the consequence of it all was the receipt a short time ago, of a packet, containing not a reprieve from the Commander-in-Chief—but a summons to appear before a military tribunal, on nothing of all this: the packet contained naught but one of those notes of bribe stamps of net work, upon which are mounted those lovely, soul-entrancing braids which bind the brows of our young beauties, and inspire the poet when he is himself very youthful with some of his choicest similes. A few lines from the princess accompanied it, which bestowed upon the young Prussian officer his formal dismissal, and expressed the pleasure she experienced in being able to send him the remaining portion of the *chignon* of which she had deprived herself on the day of the review.

She added, ironically, that the tale of that adventure—or the adventures of that tail, rather—having been so often told, must now be somewhat ancient; and therefore she sent him the sequel, which she had hitherto kept secret from himself. She hoped he would feel no disappointment, as he had had all the pleasure and pride of the adventure, and surely he could not be angry merely because she herself had not had the pain and privation of despoiling her own head.

The young man has disappeared, no one knows whither. The lesson is a cruel one, and shows that a lover may commit, with impunity; everything but an indiscretion; meanwhile, an ugly story has got about concerning the Marquise De C—, and her connivance with, nay even her bribery by the Court of Prussia. The moral of the tale, therefore, as you will see, concerns no one but the barbers—that respected class alone being, after all, the only one benefited by the romantic adventure of the young Prussian officer.

Look on the Bright Side.

It was old Isaac Walton who said, "every misery that I miss is a new mercy;" a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes come to us on wings, and retire with a slipping pace; and yet one half the world are ready to meet calamities half way, and indirectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it; a scratch thus becomes a serious wound; and a slight illness, even, be made to end in death, by the brooding apprehensions of the sick, while on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things, will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness, and thus life, like the chameleon, takes its hues of light or shade from the soul upon which it rests.

An Economical Wife.

A neighbor while harvesting kept his gun near him to shoot squirrels. Seeing a squirrel, he reached out and took the gun by the muzzle, and drew it towards him, when, by some means unknown, the gun discharged, and the contents passed near his head without injuring him. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the fright, he hastened to the house and informed his wife of his narrow escape, at which the good woman—who is noted for her economy—raised both hands, and exclaimed: "What I did you loose the charge?"

Just So.—Vice has no friend like the prejudices which call themselves virtues.

Rules of Health for Married Ladies.

The following advice to married ladies, comes from the columns of the Buffalo Republic:

Get up at three o'clock in the morning, clean out the stove, take up the ashes, sweep the front side-walk, and scrub the steps, nurse the baby, put the mackerel to soak, build the fire, grind the coffee, get out your husband's things to wash, see the shirt aired, boil the mackerel, settle the coffee, set the table, rouse the house, carry up some hot water for shaving, in that brute of a lazy husband, and dry the morning paper. By this time you will have an appetite for breakfast. Hold the baby during the meal, as you like your breakfast cold.

After breakfast wash the dishes, nurse the baby, dust everything, wash the windows, wash and dress the baby—(that pantry wants cleaning)—nurse the baby, draw the baby in his wagon five or six miles for the benefit of his health; nurse him when you return; put on the potatoes and the cabbage (nurse the baby) and earned beef, (don't forget to nurse the baby) and the turnips, and (nurse the baby) sweep everything; take up the dinner, set the table, fill the cistern, change the table-cloth (here that baby wants nursing) Eat your dinner cold again, and—nurse the baby.

After dinner wash the dishes, gather up all the dirty clothes and put them to soak, nurse the baby every half hour; receive a dozen calls interspersed with nursing the baby; drag the baby a mile or two, hurry home; make biscuits, pick up some codfish, cut some dried beef. Camp tea for baby's interval diarrhoea; hold the baby on your knee; put some alcohol in the metre; baby a specimen of perpetual motion; tea ready; take your's cold as usual.

After tea, wash up the dishes; put some fish to soak; chop some hash; send for some more sugar; (gracious how the sugar does go—and thirteen cents a pound) get down the stockings and darn them; keep on nursing the baby; wait up till twelve o'clock nursing the baby, till husband comes with a double snore on one front step, a decided difficulty in finding the stairway, and a determination to sleep in the back yard. Drag him up stairs to bed; then nurse the baby and go to sleep. Women in delicate health will find that the above practice will either kill or cure them.

Cooking.

A country gentleman lately arrived at Boston, and immediately repaired to the house of a relative, a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to make their house his home (as he declared his intention of remaining in that city but a day or two). The husband of the lady, anxious to show attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover street.

Finally, the visit became a visitation, and the merchant, after a lapse of eleven days, found, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman at a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Accordingly, he went to the man who kept the stable, and told him when the gentleman took his horse he would pay the bill.

"Very good," said the stable keeper; "I understand you."

Accordingly in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable, and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill, of course, was presented.

"O," said the gentleman, "Mr.—, my relative, will pay this."

"Very good, sir," said the stable keeper, "please to get an order from Mr.—, it will be the same as money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the merchant; "well, good bye, sir."

"Well, about my horse; the man says the bill must be paid for the keeping."

"Well, I suppose that is all right sir."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know that you are, but your horse is not."

The Appearance of Milton.

According to Keighley's recent life of Milton, the great poet was rather under the middle size, well built and muscular. His deportment was affable, and gentle and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness. He was skilled in the use of the small sword, and though he would certainly not have engaged in a duel, he had strength, skill and courage to repel the attack of an adversary. His hair which never fell off, was of a light brown hue, and he wore it parted on his forehead as is represented in his portraits. His eyes were gray, and as the blindness was internal, they suffered no change of appearance from it. His face was oval, and his complexion so fine in youth that at Cambridge he was, as we are told by Aubrey, called the lady of his college. Even in his latter days his cheeks retained a rosy tinge. He had a fine ear for music, and was well skilled in that delightful science. He used to perform on the organ and bass viol. His voice was sweet and musical, and we may presume that his singing showed taste and science.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1676.

by James Barker, Thomas Wad, and Philip Edes, who made oath to the inventory May 17, 1676. Said farm and neck there appraised at £530, and its annual income has been \$230, and as the Hon Josiah Lydony Esq., one of the assigns informed me; who says the first assigns being Mr. Clarke's intimate friends, were informed by him, that his intent was to provide for religious as well as civil instruction, though he did not insist on the word ministry. Therefore part of said profits have been improved to maintain religious teaching in that church ever since. Complaint was made in 1721, that one of these assigns was unfaithful to his trust which caused the Assembly to take the case in hand, and who at length made a law to empower the town council in each town to enquire how all charitable donations therein were managed, and by a jury of twelve men upon oath, to assess damages upon delinquents; to whom therefore the assigns aforesaid have annually been accountable ever since.

1677.

"At a General Assembly held in His Majesty's name at Newport, May 1st, 1677, which adjourned to the next day being the day of election, when the following Magistrates were elected:—

BENEDICT ARNOLD, Governor.
JOHN CRANSTON, Deputy Governor.

Assistants
James Barker, Peleg Sanford,
Joseph Clarke, John Whipple,
Stephen Arnold, Thomas Olney, Jr.
Sam. Willbore, John Allen,
Jno. Green, Samuel Gordon, Jr.

Deputies
Newport, Peleg Sanford, John Sanford,
Thomas Wad, Francis Bayston,
Philip Smith, Edward Lay,
Benedict Arnold, Thomas Wood,
Edward Richmond,
Richard Barney.

Providence, Warwick,
Thomas Olney, John Greene,
William Hopkins, James Greene,
Stephen Arnold, Thomas Greene,
John Whipple Jr. Edward Culverly,
John Sanford, Recorder,
Edward Richmond, Gen. Attorney,
Thomas Fry, Gen. Sergeant,
Thos. Ward, Treasurer,
Robert Williams, Solicitor.

Order concerning the Narragansett Indians.

"Voted, upon the petition presented to this Assembly by Thomas Gould, James Tibbitts, for instruction, assistance and advice, as to the oppressions they suffer from the colony of Connecticut. That the Court having seriously considered thereof, do unanimously declare; that they will vindicate their jurisdiction unto the Narragansett country, and from the intrusions of Connecticut colony. And if said petitioners shall suffer either in their persons, or estates, for their fidelity and submission unto this colony, we will, as we are in duty bound, stand by them, assist them, and relieve them, by all lawful means and ways whatever; which is the full resolve of this Court's answer upon the petition dissenting. Herby, also, strictly prohibiting the said Thomas Gould, James Tibbitts and Henry Tibbitts, and all other persons inhabiting the Narragansett country from yielding any subjection or obedience to any authority derived from any other colony."

This year the war party came more fully into power, with Governor Benedict Arnold at their head. They repealed the law passed the October before, for excusing persons' consciences, from bearing arms; and enacted a new law requiring all able bodied men from sixteen years old to sixty, exempting certain civil officers, to be enrolled or enlisted in the military. To train six days in the year, or pay a fine of two shillings for every day's neglect, to train as aforesaid.

The King's garrison was re-established at Providence, and put on the same footing as it had been before.

"Voted, whereas His Majesty, in his gracious patent, hath granted unto this colony, all that tract of land called the Narragansett or King's province, and the inhabitants thereof, having to the unhappy war with the Indians, been driven and forced out of their habitation with the loss of all, or most part of their estates, and necessitated to fly unto this Island for relief and since it hath pleased the Almighty God to command a cessation of these troubles, and wars, yet the usurpation of the colony of Connecticut is such, that they would discourage all persons from re-asserting the Narragansett, or King's province, only such as will yield obedience to their unjust claims. This court having the matter into serious consideration, do by the power and authority thereof, declare, order, establish and enact, that all the inhabitants of this colony formerly settled in said Narragansett, liege people of his majesty

